

*The* **H** *Magazine for the Christian Home*  
**Hearthstone**



- **Your Child and His Bible—Margaret S. Hadden**
- **What Are You Reading?—Robert G. Torbet**

**OCTOBER, 1957 — 25c**



# The Magazine for the Christian Home Hearthstone

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Cover photo by erb

Published Jointly Each Month By

#### Christian Board of Publication

WILBUR H. CRAMBLET, *President*  
Beaumont and Pine Boulevard  
Box 179, St. Louis 3, Missouri

#### The American Baptist Publication Society

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1703 Chestnut St., Philadelphia 3, Pa.

#### Vol 9

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#### No. 10

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Second class mail privileges authorized at St. Louis, Mo.

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Price, 25 cents per single copy; five or more copies to one address, 20 cents each (60 cents per quarter); single subscriptions, \$3.00 per year.

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Printed in St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.



### Honesty and Tact

Some people put frankness under the guise of honesty, nurturing within themselves a certain amount of pride for "speaking their minds" and not being "two-faced." Such people, alas, usually have few friends, for not many of us care to have undesirable truths proclaimed. The woman who asks, "What do you think of my new hat?" may insist that you give your honest opinion; but she wants it to be favorable. Anything less would more than likely cause injured feelings.

Tempering honesty with tact is not always easy. When a woman does ask you what you think of her new hat, which is a ludicrous creation if you ever saw one, you can't in all honesty say that you find it very attractive. On the other hand, neither would you tell her that you think it's awful. What to do in this and other situations? Try to "sideswipe" the subject just a little bit. Or perhaps you can find some good points to play up. (Maybe the hat *does* have pretty red roses on it, or maybe the color is becoming.)

Using tact properly in our relationships with others is a very coveted art, and one that we should all learn to employ.

**What's Here?** Parents with small children will want to read "Your Child and His Bible," by Margaret S. Hadden. Here are aids in teaching the growing child to garner the greatest amount of benefit from Bible reading.

Most of us read a newspaper every morning or evening, and perhaps a magazine or two once a month, and maybe even a sensational paperbound thriller or current novel every now and then. Robert G. Torbet poses the question quite bluntly in "What Are You Reading?" This article gives advice on the types of good books available to you, how to draw small children's interest away from comics to more worthwhile reading, and what reading should do for you.

Ask your teen-agers to read this issue of *Hearthstone*, where they will find an article intended just for them. It's called "Make Friends with Your Parents," and the author is Richard E. Lentz, who has had much experience in working with youth and older people.

**What's Coming?** "The Family Sings Together"; "Don't Divorce Your Parents"; "Drinking Is Everybody's Business." And others.

Till next month,

S. W.



# Your Child and His Bible

by Margaret S. Hadden

A pair of big brown eyes lighted up brightly. My 11-year-old daughter tenderly caressed her newest possession. It was a special one, one that she had wanted for a long time—a Bible all her own!

As I watched her happy face, I felt, along with my sense of pride in my growing girl, a deep feeling of responsibility as a mother. Here before me was a young personality, bright and happy. No one else in the world was more responsible for her Christian growth than I. I wanted her to have the joy and the help that I had received from my own worn and thumbed Bible.

My little Beth had but a vague idea of its contents even though she had been raised in a minister's home. There were many passages she knew and loved, and, of course, she knew many of the stories of Jesus. She had a long way to go, however, before she could more fully understand the great truths held in the Bible.

Beth and I had some wonderful informal sessions as I sat by her bedside. We talked about such questions as, "How was the Bible written?" "How did it come to us in the present form?" "What do we mean when we describe it as God's word?" For these and many other such questions I found a lot of help in the *Abingdon Bible Commentary*, *Opening the Bible to Children*, by Elizabeth Whitehouse, *When Children Ask*, by Margueritte Bro, and *Enjoying the Bible in the Home*, by Anna L. Gebhard.

First we learned that it was not much fun to try to read the Bible "straight through." The Bible is a library, Beth found out, and you never start at one end of a library shelf of sixty-six books and try to read through the row!

Beth discovered that she could find almost every kind of literature in its pages. There was the fascinating history of the beginnings of Hebrew society and the story of its warrior leaders and kings. As



—photo by erb

"Help your child form the habit of taking his Bible to church school. Though most churches provide Bibles, your child will get much satisfaction out of using his own."



she turned over to the Book of Acts and the Epistles, she could see the thrilling story of the early church.

She found that the Bible was more than history. We turned her attention one evening to the most wonderful anthology of religious poems and songs in the world, the Book of Psalms. The tragic yet triumphant story of Job showed her in dramatic form how one man, through faith, dealt with the problem of pain and suffering. Several nights in this period of getting acquainted with the Bible we looked into the beautiful story of Ruth.

I could see a love and appreciation of the Bible growing in Beth's life. I felt that those few nights that we had spent in introducing her to the Bible gave her an understanding of its nature that many adults never receive. This, however, was just the beginning.

I found that Beth came to the place where she seemed to want to be alone with her Bible at night. She would go to her bedroom a half hour before actual bedtime and read her Bible along with other books that interested her. She comes to Mother and Dad now quite often with very real questions about Jesus, the church, or the Bible.

It is a tremendous responsibility and a great joy to introduce one's child to the Bible. I am sure that every parent wants to do this, but many are unprepared and unsure of themselves. Tragically enough, some parents never realize the importance of this introduction. Perhaps a few suggestions might help launch such a study of the Bible in your home.

First, prepare yourself as a teacher of your child. Let us be absolutely truthful. There are few of us laymen who have been concerned enough to take the time to study the Bible, its nature, and its background, to be a guide for the sensitive and searching mind of a child. Put in your family library a few good books to help you in your own understanding of the Book. I have found the following extremely helpful: *How to Read the Bible*, by Goodspeed, *Letters to Young Churches*, by Phillips, and *The Interpreter's Bible*.

Be utterly frank with your child. Never try to dodge a hard question. When you do not know the answer, admit it. Your child will have more respect for you than he will if you give him the wrong answer. The surface of this attitude of frankness is perhaps not so important as the deeper implications. The child learns, subtly, the truth that he must face any issue openly and realistically. A parent who has trained himself to a mature approach to his religion is, in turn, to guide his child, step by step, in the journey of a searching young mind.

Talk to your child's church school teacher. Become familiar with the transition which takes place in a child as he grows from primary to junior age. The primary child enjoys having Bible stories told to him, but the junior is ready to read the Bible for himself. The church school curriculum takes this into consideration. The juniors are taught how to find passages in the Bible, how to read stories in

the Bible and retell them, and how to memorize verses. Care must be taken that the child understands what he reads and is not just repeating words that have no meaning to him. The memory verses should be used in a worship program or for family devotions. The child should feel that there is a purpose in learning a Bible verse. Memory work for its own sake has no value. In the fall all three junior classes have a unit on the Bible. The first-year unit is called "Getting Acquainted with Our Bible," the second-year, "Bibles of Long Ago and Now," and the third-year unit is "The Bible, a Book for Everyday Living." Any parent using the *Message to Parents* and the pupil's book will have many rewarding experiences with his child during these studies.

Help your child form the habit of taking his Bible to church school. They are used each Sunday in the classes. Though most churches provide Bibles, your child will get much satisfaction out of using his own. He also will have the chance to become more familiar with his Bible.

Help your child to find real meaning and joy in his private and family devotional periods. Each Sunday the junior story paper gives suggested Bible passages to be used during the coming week. *Thoughts About God for Boys and Girls* is a devotional magazine for children and is very helpful. The American Bible Society issues six leaflets called, "Bible Readings for Children." Each one gives thirty-one selections to be used during the month. Help your child to realize that using his Bible in this way is much better than trying to read a complete book. A child trying to read something that has no meaning for him will soon tire and refuse to read further. The many passages suitable for a child will strengthen his faith and love of the Bible.

Enjoy the Bible together as a family. Children must learn early in life that worship does not take place just on Sunday. It is an everyday part of our lives. Indeed, it is an approach to life! Today it seems almost impossible to find a time that all the family can be together, but it must be done! A widely used practice is to place the family Bible on the dining table. This is not only a practical habit but it also stands as a symbol of the faith of the family in the Book. Picture a family sitting around the table together, quietly talking about the happenings of the day. The father and mother are sympathizing and advising the children about their problems. One member of the family reads the Bible passage for the day, and then the family takes its thanksgivings, as well as its problems, to God. This is a memory that will be treasured by a child for the rest of his life.

My Beth has just begun her life-long voyage in the truths and life of the Bible. She still sees "as a child." As time moves over her life and its experiences bring her disappointments, as well as happiness, she will come to find in this Book and the lives that it records, a source of strength and power for her own life.



# Keep That Record Clean

Feature from the Cleanliness Bureau

If recorded music is one of "the things that makes your world go 'round," do learn the importance of record care. You'll be protecting an investment, too, because it has taken many a music-minded dollar to acquire a good collection.

To keep records clean, always wash your hands with soap and water before handling them. In addition, always store them in albums or in closed paper jackets when not in use; washable, clear plastic jackets are best of all. And do go over the storage shelves or cabinet frequently with a well-sudsed sponge and then rinse with a damp cloth. Better let it dry, of course, before replacing records. Because records contain a lot of static electricity, they attract dust like a magnet draws metal. So your war against dust must be a constant one.

Even though you cover your records and wash their cabinets, the records will need an occasional clean-up. When only slightly soiled, wiping with a damp chamois suffices. For seriously imbedded dust, wipe each side with a cloth wrung out in thick, rich suds; then with a damp chamois. Finally, wipe the records with a damp cloth before playing, to reduce dust attraction while the music is actually going 'round and 'round.

If it's one of those long, long playing musical sessions, wash your hands several times during the "at home" concert. One expert says that unless your hands have been washed within the previous two minutes, fingers will leave a grease deposit on the record. It helps, also, to hold records by the edges, or by one edge and the center.

Avoid warping by storing records in a dry spot, away from artificial heat or direct sunlight. If they are stored vertically, well-supported at all times, warping isn't likely to occur.

By all means, treat the discs gently—unbreakable doesn't mean unscratchable. If a record is especially valuable to you, change it manually, as there is some inevitable scraping in automatic changing. Apply the needle gently, and do make sure that it's sharp. Of the types recommended by authorities, the diamond tip, while comparatively high in initial cost, gives about 1,000 hours of service without wearing down. The less expensive sapphire tip lasts an average of about ten hours. Take your choice—but watch it, for a sharp needle is one of the important factors in record longevity.

Cleanliness Bureau



Sponge off records regularly with a cloth wrung out in luke warm, soapy water; then wipe with a damp chamois. Use a light, circular motion, following the grooves. Be careful not to dampen the label.



by Helen Giorgi



Illustration by Janice Lovett

"How can I ever thank you?" she asked tremulously. "You're just wonderful to do all of this for Bill and me when you don't even know us. It's just like having my mother back again."

A strong wind had to ruffle Miss Minna's white curls before she could measure a scant five feet, but there was nothing small about her fighting spirit. As she watched the bright rivulets of rain crawl slowly down the church office window, she fought the rising tide of depression, which threatened to engulf her completely.

The typewriter keys lay silent under her wrinkled little hands as she tried to analyze this unfamiliar mood. She had awakened long before daylight this morning, and in the chill darkness of her room, there had swept over her such a crushing sense of loneliness

that she had turned her small face into her pillow and had wept bitterly.

Now the memory of her childish behavior embarrassed her. "Minna Campbell," she scolded, "where is the optimism on which you have always prided yourself? What will Pastor Jim say if he finds you with such a long face?"

At the sound of footsteps in the hall, she smoothed her hair, then muttered, "Don't know why I'm straightening my hair; it's my mind that needs straightening today."

She looked expectantly at the door, but it didn't open. A girl's



# *Impromptu Mother*

low voice sounded from the hall. "Please, Bill, I don't want to get married in this dismal church. Did you see the dust on the pews and those awful wilted flowers? It even smells musty. I don't want that kind of memory of our wedding."

Miss Minna's eyebrows flew up indignantly. "Dismal church indeed!" she fumed. "Poor Mr. Brimstead can't keep this big place in apple pie order all week. He's getting old. Like me," she added grimly.

A man's voice pleaded, "Betsy, you're not being reasonable. Most churches aren't all fancied up in the middle of the week." Miss Minna nodded approvingly.

"Besides," the voice teased. "You didn't come two thousand miles on a bus just to leave me waiting at the church, did you?"

The girl laughed. "I'm sorry, Bill. I'm behaving like a baby. Of course we'll be married here. Let's go in."

Miss Minna looked with interest at the sailor and the young girl who walked into the office. The girl's black hair framed a small, pale face, and Miss Minna felt a surge of sympathy when the tired dark eyes looked into her own.

The sailor flashed a friendly grin at Miss Minna. "I'm Bill Warren," he said, "and this is Betsy Hammond. We'd like to get married."

Miss Minna liked the way he looked her squarely in the eye, and she noticed that his uniform was immaculate and his shoes brightly polished. "Such a nice couple," she thought. "But what kind of parents do they have who aren't interested enough to attend the wedding!"

She was startled when Bill answered her. "We don't have any family. I grew up in an orphanage, and Betsy's mother and dad

were killed in an automobile accident three years—"

The door burst open, and a young man blew in like a gust of wind. His blue eyes crinkled with laughter, and his short-cropped red hair seemed to brighten up the room.

Miss Minna smiled affectionately at him. "Pastor Jim, this is Bill Warren and his fiancée, Betsy Hammond," she said, and watched the young minister greet them in his friendly, winning way. For the forty-five years that she had worked for Pastor Jim and his father, Pastor Mike, she had never ceased to marvel at the miraculous way that they inspired confidence in strangers.

When the young couple had followed Pastor Jim into his study, Miss Minna pushed back her chair and walked slowly down the dim hall to the sanctuary. As she paused in the doorway, the rank smell of dying flowers filled her nostrils, and she closed her faded blue eyes to shut out the ghosts that suddenly peopled the dark sanctuary.

That same musty smell had permeated this room on the day of her wedding rehearsal almost fifty years ago. She had wrinkled her short nose in distaste, and Toby had grinned at her and hoisted her up in his strong young arms until her face was close to his. Kissing her warmly, he had said, "The church is dusty and dark today, darling, but tomorrow night it will be festooned with white satin ribbons and fragrant with flowers, and our happiness will brighten this room like sunshine."

Later that same afternoon, Minna had pirouetted happily on a footstool, while her mother had made final adjustments in the hem of her billowing satin wedding gown. Her thoughts had been filled with Toby, his laughing

brown eyes, the way his dark hair swept back from his brow, the warm smile that melted her heart within her.

The doorbell's jangle had started her, and she had turned to see her father and Pastor Mike entering the room. The dark grief in her father's eyes had turned her heart to ice, and Pastor Mike's voice had sounded strange as he said, "Minna, I don't know any easy way to break this news to you. May God give you the strength to bear it. Toby was going into Guy's drugstore, when a horse reared up and came down on him. The blow on his head killed him instantly."

The memory was so vivid that Miss Minna swayed a little, feeling the same sharp pain that had squeezed her heart so long ago. She opened her eyes and stared up at the rain-darkened stained-glass windows. "What a terrible, soul-stirring emotion young love is," she mused, her mind turning back to the young couple in the office.

Gradually, the grief faded from her eyes, and a sparkle of excitement brightened them as a plan unfolded in her mind. "It's a crazy, wonderful idea," she thought, "but before I get too enthused about it, I'd better make sure Pastor Jim is going to perform the wedding."

Betsy and Bill were leaving as she opened the office door, and Pastor Jim said, "I have a few calls to make, Miss Minna; then I'll be back here at four o'clock for the wedding. Would you be a witness and ask Mr. Brimstead to serve as the other witness?"

Miss Minna lifted her old tweed coat off the hook and grinned mischievously. "I'll be a witness if I can have the next hour off. I have a few errands to do myself," she said.



Her old car wheezed asthmatically as she stepped on the starter. "Don't fail me now, Arabella," she coaxed. "We have to get to Carrie's in a hurry."

When the car lurched to a stop by the small white gate, Miss Minna saw Carrie on the porch and called out, "We're going to have a wedding at the church. Can you be dressed and ready to play for it in ten minutes?"

Carrie's plump face puckered indignantly. "Ten minutes! Are you out of your mind, Minna?" Miss Minna waited for Carrie's curiosity to go to work, and soon the answer came. "Well, I guess I can get ready if I have to."

"Good! I'll pick you up on my way back." Miss Minna glanced at the rainsoaked bushes along the fence and added, "And, Carrie, if you have any roses in the house, bring them along, will you?"

Arabella coughed loudly as she took off, and soon Miss Minna was opening the door of her own big gray house. It took only a moment to get the suitcase and lace tablecloth out of her mother's old humped trunk. Then she hurried to the kitchen for the cake. "Should have been white instead of pink," she sighed. "But I didn't know I was baking a wedding cake." She lifted it carefully, then abruptly set it down again. "My clothes," she cried. "I can't wear this old black dress to a wedding."

Opening her closet door, she remembered the long blue lace dress that she had worn at Carrie's daughter's wedding. "Good thing I saved it," she thought, yanking it over her head, and running a comb through her disheveled curls.

She had to blow the horn twice before Carrie emerged puffing and resplendent in the pink taffeta that she reserved for church weddings. The back seat groaned protestingly under Carrie's bulk as Miss Minna took off with a jerk.

"Land sakes, you sure are in a rush today," Carrie complained. Miss Minna sniffed Carrie's bouquet of roses happily and pushed her small foot firmly down on the gas.

Pastor Jim was in the hall when the two women came through the door. "What in the world are you two girls up to?" he teased. "Here, let me carry some of those things."

Miss Minna surrendered the suitcase and cake and turned back to the open door where she could see Mr. Brimstead watering. "We need you to witness for a wedding at four o'clock, Mr. Brimstead," she called. "It's a dress-up wedding; so you'd better put on your suit." She saw him grumble to himself as he turned off the water; then she took a dustcloth from the hall closet and went into the sanctuary.

"Here, Carrie, will you dust the pews while I fix the table?" she asked. "And, Pastor Jim, will you put some water on in the kitchen for coffee, and bring the cups when you come back?"

"You have all the attributes of a good general," Pastor Jim laughed as he went obediently down the hall to the kitchen.

She was placing the last pink rose in the bowl when the teakettle wailed from the kitchen and trickled away to silence as Pastor Jim turned it off. "Miss Minna," he called, "your children are coming. Shall I delay them a few minutes in the office?"

Glancing around the room, she answered, "We're all through in here." She heard him place the cups on the table and added, "Would you ask Betsy to come into the choir room when she gets here?"

In the choir room, Miss Minna opened the yellowed suitcase with trembling hands, and lifted out the glistening wedding gown. As she spread it beside her on the couch, she could almost hear her mother's gentle voice saying, "Minna, a wedding gown must be very beautiful so that it matches the shining beauty of a young girl in love; and just remember this, dear. The look of wonder and love on your young man's face, when he first sees you in it, is worth every stitch you are putting into it."

A gasp from the doorway recalled Miss Minna to the present, and she looked up to hear Betsy ask softly, "Is it—it can't be—is

that wedding gown for me to wear?"

Miss Minna nodded with a smile. Then her words tumbled out breathlessly. "I went and got the church organist, and we cleaned the sanctuary and put fresh roses in it, and Mr. Brimstead will give you away. We'll have coffee and cake, and it will be a beautiful wedding to remember."

Betsy opened her mouth to speak, but the words wouldn't come. She flung her arms around Miss Minna. "How can I ever thank you?" she asked tremulously. "You're just wonderful to do all of this for Bill and me when you don't even know us. It's just like having my mother back again."

With Betsy's tears wetting her face, Miss Minna stroked the shining dark hair, and murmured happily, "Oh, my dear, I haven't had such an exciting day in years. I'm so glad to be playing mother for you!"

A radiantly lovely Betsy followed Miss Minna into the narthex where Mr. Brimstead waited for them. Miss Minna straightened the glistening train as she introduced them; then she smiled up at Mr. Brimstead and said, "You're a very important man in this wedding. You'll give the bride away and be best man, too."

Extending his arm gallantly to Betsy, Mr. Brimstead shook his white head wonderingly and chuckled, "How did an old cogder like me ever have such a pretty daughter?" Betsy smiled gratefully at him, and shifted Carrie's roses to one hand so that she could take her new father's arm.

Miss Minna signaled to Carrie; and as the first note of the wedding march sounded, she moved out into the aisle. Pastor Jim and Bill were waiting at the front of the church; and when Bill's face blazed with sudden happiness, she knew that Betsy and Mr. Brimstead were following her.

She was enjoying the wonder on Bill's face, when he turned and looked directly into Miss Minna's eyes; and the love and admiration and gratitude in his earnest young

(Continued on page 30)



Mom and Dad are more than the people who feed and clothe you and pay for the braces on your teeth. They're human beings who experience the same emotions, have the same needs, and enjoy many of the same things that you and your friends do. In fact, you might try to



# Make Friends with Your Parents



by Richard E. Lentz

Can you, as a teen-ager, count your parents among your friends? Opinion polls taken recently reveal that thousands of young people question whether or not their parents even like them. Are your parents your friends? Then on the other hand, are you their friends?

As the dictionary defines *friend*, it is not surprising that you occasionally encounter difficulty in thinking of your parents as friends. A friend is one "attached to another by esteem, respect and affection." This puts some of the responsibility for the way you feel about your parents upon them. Honesty compels the admission that much of the behavior of some parents does not merit *esteem* or *respect*. Can there be affection without respect? Well, yes. Love is given to many persons far beyond what they earn or deserve. Real love, as Jesus demonstrated, goes on loving even if misunderstood and abused. So it would not be fair to say, "Let my parents earn my respect; then I will give them my affection." Friendship cannot be approached in a calculating spirit. You love your

parents, even though you do sometimes feel that they misunderstand you. If, however, you will try first to understand them, you and your parents can become good friends.

Your parents are people. This is a startling discovery to many persons, one that some young persons are a long time in making. Your parents have a "past." They "fussed" about what to wear to school and wondered where they could get a job. They had problems with dates and school parties in their younger days. Your father and mother worried over the uncertainties of boy and girl relations, the waiting of courtship, and the planning of engagement. Their parents seemed unsympathetic sometimes—and old, "belonging to another age."

Your parents are people with a present. Your father has a job. Sometimes it is difficult for him. He may even fear that he is failing in it. Often he finds his job monotonous and uninteresting. Your mother is a volunteer worker in the hospital, PTA, or one of the community "drives." She is self-

conscious about her appearance, her personality, and about her efficiency as a homemaker. In addition to these other concerns, your parents are very much concerned about you. Popular discussions of juvenile delinquency have raised questions and fears in the minds of your parents. If at times they seem to lack faith in you, it may be because of their feeling of inadequacy as parents. They want to do what is best for you, but sometimes they wonder what is best and how to go about doing it.

Your parents are people with a future. They want, in these present years, to get many things done and to accomplish something worth-while. Retirement is on the horizon for your parents. Financial independence is their goal, but sometimes it seems beyond their reach. Of one thing most parents are certain: They do not want to live with their married children! They expect you to marry and establish your own home. They look forward to being friends with you, and visiting you frequently, but they still want to maintain their own home.



For parents to become friends one must know them as people. In some homes young people and their parents are strangers to one another. Thousands of young people do not know where their father works or what he does to earn the money that supports his family! The friends, hobbies, and recreation of their parents are of little interest to some teen-agers. If you want your parents as friends, learn all you can about them. Visit the place where your father is employed and talk with him about his job. When your mother's friends call at your home, get acquainted with them. As you see your parents through the eyes of their contemporaries and in the setting of the community where they work and serve, you will be impressed by the esteem, respect, and affection accorded your father and mother by their associates.

In your dealings with your father and mother in the home no doubt you have seen faults and

weaknesses in them. Often they have disappointed you, made you critical of them. Very few parents indeed would claim to have no faults, or pretend universal success. But friendship does not depend upon perfection. As parents become people to you, you will appreciate their failures, as well as their successes. You will love them for *trying*. You will understand and share some of their disappointments and frustrations. If you are an average young person, you will discover that most of their mistakes have been on the *head* side, not the *heart* side.

Few young people regard themselves as mysteries—and yet to most parents adolescents are both perplexing and confounding. Many times your parents wonder what you are thinking and why you do what you do. They would say that to be their friend you would have to share more of your real self with them. Take your opinions, for example. Remember

when your mother brought home her new dress? She put it on and asked for your opinion. Just the way in which you casually said, "It's OK" gave her the impression that you did not really care what she wore. She really wanted to know what you thought, but you showed no genuine interest.

Then there was that question of your father's that rather irritated you. It seemed like prying into your business. He asked, "What went on in school today? I heard there was a fight." Your father was sincerely trying to enter your world. He had no suspicions that you were involved in trouble; but you were suspicious of his show of interest, and this blocked communication between you.

These two illustrations could be duplicated hundreds of times with slight variations. If you wish your parents to be your friends, you will need to share with them what you think and feel about matters important to you. Let them enter your dreams and hopes. Let them know of your disappointments, humiliations, and anxieties. They may blunder—as all friends do occasionally; they may criticize or ridicule or betray your confidence. Nevertheless, treat them as you do other friends: Tell them that you did not like what they did. Then forgive them.

Of course, friendship is seldom developed by talk alone—even confidential talk. You know that from your experiences with high school friends. The fellows and girls with whom you share many different activities become better known to you, and friendship can follow. The same requirements are necessary to produce friendship between you and your parents. When you and your parents play games together or develop common hobbies, friendship is strengthened. Hiking, fishing, or picnicking with your parents will bring you closer to them. A family shopping tour or visit to a style show accomplishes the same purpose. Even working together around the house or on the car can prove a stimulus to family friendship. In the relaxed atmosphere of these pleasant

(Continued on page 30)

You get to know your parents better by doing things together. Mom might wield a mean bowling ball, much to your surprise.

—photo by erb





# MOANING BONES

by Helen M. Ainsworth



Illustration by Virginia MacDonald Craycroft

There! She heard it again—that long, drawn-out, low wail. She was sure now that she hadn't imagined it.

Miss Laura felt uneasy. "I'm sure it's something that can easily be explained," she told herself in a firm tone. "And the sensible things to do is to track down where it's coming from."

In a carefully well-planned manner she searched the whole house. But the only thing she learned was that the sound seemed to be clearer when she was in the kitchen.

Perhaps it was some of the children in the neighborhood playing another of their jokes on her, she thought.

Miss Laura lived alone now, since her niece had married and gone to another town to live. She had been intending to rent a room to someone but just hadn't been pleased with those who had answered her advertisement. Miss Laura was hard to please. She didn't care much for people. She disliked children and hated animals.

There was that moaning again! Quickly, Miss Laura turned on

the radio to drown out the sound. Later, when she crept slowly into bed, the icy sheets were no comfort to her. She rolled and tossed and could not relax. Each time she heard the howl, she became more and more nervous.

"I should have chosen a roomer," she whimpered to herself. "Anyone would have been better than no one at all."

She slept badly that night and woke early the next morning. She hurried downstairs to prepare her breakfast. As she buttered the hot toast, that long, low whine started again.

"I can't eat," she whispered to herself. "Not until I find out what that *thing* is."

She went over the whole house again, upstairs and downstairs and through the half-basement—even outside.

"I—I can't do it alone," she said. She was frightened and unsure of herself.

"Do you hear a strange noise?" she called timidly to her next door neighbor.

"Why, yes, I do. In fact we heard it off and on all night. It's very faint, but it seems to be coming from your direction."

"It bothered me, too, but I can't find a thing," Miss Laura said with relief. At least she wasn't imagining things.

"Why don't you call the police? They could probably help you," the neighbor suggested.

Miss Laura hurried to the telephone and explained the situation to the police. Two of them arrived at her house within a few minutes. They listened carefully to the strange noises, and they searched in the same manner that she had done.

"Well, I hardly know where else to look," sighed one of the policemen. "We've looked into and under everything on the place."

The other policeman snapped his fingers.

"Under the house, of course—the space that wasn't used for the basement," he said excitedly.

"Why, nobody could get under there. The house is too close to the ground," Miss Laura said.

"I think I could," said the second policeman. He had to crawl on his hands and knees, but he managed it.

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# What Are You

## READING?

by Robert G. Torbet

We are a reading people. More newspapers and magazines are published and bought in the United States than in any other country in the world. Books have enjoyed a high peak of interest among the buying public; even more so, among the borrowing public, for libraries do a thriving business in most communities.

What do we read? For the most part, that depends upon our cultural background, our tastes, our interests, and, all too often, upon what is available at the moment. Observe, for example, a crowd milling around the bookstalls or magazine racks in railroad stations and airline terminals. Paperback "pocket books" claim chief attention. Their inexpensive cost, their convenient size and weight, and their lurid covers and titles attract a fabulous consumer market. The buyers come from all walks of life. They have one thing in common—a desire to pass the time with some interesting reading matter. Detective stories, spy thrillers, adventure tales, romance novels, and even books about religion and philosophy provide the bill of fare in the nation's book cafeterias.

The small fry go in for the comic books. Their often gruesome and damaging contents are devoured by eager and curious youngsters. It is encouraging, however, to note that well-illustrated children's books of a higher caliber also attract the younger set. These deal with many subjects—animals, historical events, fantasy, famous people, and industry. Great classics have been rewritten for children, and stories about God and Jesus are becoming more popular all the time.

If one examines closely the display tables in book departments of city department stores, he will see a large quantity of biography in the non-fiction class. The lives of famous people still hold a fascination for many. Among the religious books, the main emphasis seems to be on the devotional life and the therapeutic value of spiritual experience, such as meditation and prayer.

The magazine field presents a multiform pattern of reading materials, ranging from the thoughtful articles of *The Atlantic Monthly* to the shockingly crude exposés of sensational yellow journalism. The picture magazines have a large following, but they



do not monopolize the field. People do want to read, and they are not averse to straight articles if they are alive with human interest and if they are brief. Witness the popularity of *The Reader's Digest* and *Coronet*.

Nevertheless, the magazine field is passing through a period of shrinking subscription lists and advertising clients. The road for periodicals is perilous, and some actually fail to survive the rugged competition of television and the restlessness of modern life.

### Selection Is Necessary

Obviously, discrimination in reading is necessary. Long ago, a wise Englishman, Francis Bacon, pointed out that some books are to be tasted only; others are to be chewed and digested. Selection is needed for a number of reasons. First, the average person in the present century has a limited amount of time to read. This is not an era of leisurely evenings at home. Second, the human mind is sensitive to the ideas which are brought to it through the printed page. The impact of an article, a story, or a picture is made almost without the realization of the fact that the reader is being influenced. It goes without saying, that the influence of reading matter is not always for the good. This fact has been so well known down through the history of mankind that efforts have been made again and again to censor the reading materials for both young and old.

Attempts to censor the press have met with opposition from many quarters. One may recall the loud protest of the Puritan poet, John Milton, in seventeenth-century England. His tract entitled *Areopagitica* is a classic defense of freedom of the press. Although himself a deeply religious man, he did not approve of the Puritans' efforts to circumscribe the reading of Englishmen. He saw clearly the dangers which lurked in a literary dictatorship. He saw the threat to personal freedom and the unhindered exchange of ideas. In our own day, Paul Blanshard has sounded a vigorous note of warning in his intriguing book, *The Right to Read*, published by Beacon Press.

### Principles of Selection

If censorship is not the answer, and we believe that it is not, then how shall we protect people from the harmful influences of various kinds of reading materials? Our premise is that people must learn how to discriminate for themselves what is best for them to read. To this end, they need to learn some basic principles of selectivity.

1. Reading should be informative. The exchange of ideas and the sharing of factual information free men and women from ignorance. The printed page, when dedicated to the fair imparting of knowledge, opens up to people an entire new world of facts about life and human relations. Francis Bacon once wrote: "Reading maketh a full man." By this, he very likely meant that reading develops in a person a breadth and stature and maturity. These are essential qualities in the citizenry of a free society. For self-government is predicated upon the ability of its

citizens to make value judgments and political decisions on the basis of broad knowledge and understanding.

2. Reading should expand one's understanding of life and of people around him. A discriminate choice of literature enriches life by helping the reader to enter into the lives of people whose contribution to society merits attention and study. The characters created by Charles Dickens, George Eliot, Lloyd Douglas, or A. J. Cronin introduced readers to points of view in life and segments of the social scene which might otherwise remain unknown to them. Books give us an appreciation of peoples of different background and culture from ourselves. The Bible itself helps us to understand the Jewish people. Best of all, it helps us to comprehend the basic human needs for forgiveness, for love, and for fellowship with God.

3. Reading should shape one's standards and philosophy of life. In this respect the Bible can play a major role. For in the record of God's dealings with his people we are enabled to see by what moral and spiritual principles life should be lived. Little by little, one develops an explanation of life which is centered in God and his will. In this respect books generally exercise a shaping influence. Every student will recognize the contribution of great thinkers and personalities upon the development of mankind—men like Plato, Aristotle, Marcus Aurelius, Augustine, Hegel, Immanuel Kant, and a host of others. Yet, for the ultimate measurement of truth, there is no substitute for the Word of God.

4. Reading should also provide a refreshing divergence from responsibility and the tensions of daily

Do not use your inadequate home library as an excuse for not reading good books. Your public library houses all kinds of worth-while, interesting reading material, readily available to you.

—photo by erb  
Courtesy George O. Carpenter Branch, St. Louis Public Library





living. There is a place for the reading of wholesome literature purely for re-creating the human spirit. It is a shortsighted Christian who purposely omits from his literary experiences excursions into the realm of imagination and fancy just for the delight of obtaining release, for the moment, from the burdens of the day. There are some who erroneously, we believe, put in the category of entertainment all reading of fiction. To be sure, some fiction is written for no other purpose than to entertain. Everyone loves a good story. Not all fiction is restricted to this objective, however. Many of the great novels and plays have been vehicles created by their authors to express a passionate concern for social reform on behalf of justice and humanitarianism. In either case, however, one may ask conscientiously whether what he reads possesses true re-creative value for him.

### Guiding Family Reading

The ability to make a wise selection in one's reading must be developed early in life. Perhaps it can be instilled best by example and inspiration in the home. The family circle is still the most intimate environment for the development of standards and ideals. Principles are more often caught than taught, especially in the formative years. As we develop into maturity, we come to understand the reasons for the principles, and so are strengthened in our loyalty to them.

A first suggestion is to develop a selective library in the home. Its appearance should be attractive enough to stimulate interest. It should be referred to often by Father or Mother, so that the children will regard it with respect and appreciation. Then, as they reach school years, they should be encouraged to use it for reference and to browse for enjoyment. Naturally, it would be wise to include in the home library a number of wholesome books especially for children. If you need guidance in the development of a home library, consult your town librarian. There are helpful lists of books which are basic to a good library.

A second suggestion is to encourage reading together as a family. At first thought, this may seem impossible as you review the varied activities of your family. Yet, a family counsel may be called to consider the matter. Perhaps a half-hour at the dinner table once or twice a week after the evening meal may be a good beginning, or an hour on Sunday afternoon. Once begun, the practice will in all probability grow in popularity. Reading together can be fun, as each member of the family, if old enough, takes a turn.

An excellent opportunity for cultivating taste for good reading in children may be during a period of convalescence. Reading aloud by turns develops interpretive ability and expression, and is also a good way to let the story come alive.

A helpful adjunct to this procedure might be the use of "talking books," which are recorded readings of great books. These have proved especially useful to the blind, but others can benefit from them also.

The hearing of a piece of literature read well is often the beginning of an appreciation of it. The reason? Simply that the human voice, when trained and used effectively, can bring out the meaning and beauty of words and sentences.

A third suggestion is to stimulate the reading interest of the young in your family by frequent allusions to good books. Children are impressed by the importance which their elders attach to books, as to anything else. Hence, timely reference to books, stories, characters, or episodes in well-known classics will instill a sense of their significance in the minds of children. In like manner the family in which the Bible is referred to frequently and with reverent appreciation will instill in its younger members a warm feeling about the Scriptures and an eager curiosity to know their contents.

Just as the appreciation of great music is developed in children who hear it at an early age, likewise, a love for books and good reading will be awakened by the inspiration and example of a home in which "the library" is an important and attractive spot.

### Censorship Is Not the Answer

John Milton wrote three centuries ago this solemn warning:

"Who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were in the eye. . . . And again, if it be true that a wise man, like a good refiner, can gather gold out of the drossiest volume, and that a fool will be a fool with the best book, yea, or without a book; there is no reason that we should deprive a wise man of any advantage to his wisdom, while we seek to restrain from a fool, that which being restrained will be no hindrance to his folly." (*Everyman's Library*, ed. 1927, pp. 5, 15.)

The young, to be sure, need to be protected from corrupting influences. Salacious, obscene literature, which has the obvious intent to exalt the shameful, has no place on any bookshelf. Care needs to be taken, however, not to remove from the responsible reading public books which deal constructively with great moral evils and degradations in society.

In order to protect the responsible citizen's right to read, society must take care not to exercise censorship where proper guidance would be safer. To teach youth how to discriminate between literature worthy of attention and that which is unworthy is far more valuable than to burn books or place them under lock and key. There is no real danger in giving people freedom to read if they are prepared to read with understanding.

The answer, then, lies in home guidance by parents who have themselves developed a Christian discernment through a broad education and the adoption of basic principles for selecting the wheat from the chaff. We may appropriately close with a word from Ralph Waldo Emerson's essay, *The American Scholar*: "Books are the best of things, well used, abused, among the worst."





The story of how a grandmother won the heart of a small granddaughter, even though they saw each other very seldom.

# Long-Distance Grandma



by Joyce Knudsen

When our first little girl was born, my mother decided that an obstacle like 400 miles wasn't going to cheat her of the pleasures of being a grandmother. Although it was a score of years since she had had a small child in her own home, the past few years have proved that she retained an uncanny ability to understand and delight a little one. With the stubborn conviction that a long-distance grandma can still have fun with her grandchild, she used imagination to shorten the miles between them.

When Julie's first birthday arrived, Grandma sent a conventional feeding dish for the "proper" present, but underneath was a little pile of assorted notions that catapulted our semi-bald daughter into delighted action.

Mother had come across two thick bracelets of tough, gaily colored plastic in the dime store, and these immediately became enchanting teething rings, arm ornaments, and indestructible playthings. She had been to a building fair and had acquired a few samples of foam rubber. They were pliable little squares, marvelous for a baby to knead in her itching fingers, lovely to bite on, simplicity itself to sterilize in a pan of boiling water.

Long after "educational" toys were chipped and discarded, Julie

"Every little while Grandma wrote a few lines on one of her note-cards and put it in an envelope addressed to Julie alone. Now a delighted little girl had real mail of her own."

—photo by erb





tottered about the house gripping those tough little squares in her fists as though she were holding on to Grandma's helping hands.

Mother tactfully refused to offer baby-care advice, but she was quick to make a casual suggestion when I wrote something about ordering a new coffee pot. "... By the way, don't throw out the old percolator—see how Julie takes to it."

Our exploring toddler, now fifteen months, had reached the inevitable stage of getting into everything. When I offered her the battered old percolator, she settled down into a strangely peaceful period of juvenile engineering. The tired coffee pot was a whole Meccano set to Julie. She spent hours taking out the inside strainer and rod, fitting them together, and putting them back again. With the insides out, the pot was the handiest carry-all in which to stow building blocks and other toys. The lid even had a delightful little round window in it!

The next winter Julie was nearly two, and long winter days were frustrating for her. But Mother believed that the after-Christmas period could be as much fun for a little person as Christmas day itself—and she managed to demonstrate her belief to her grandchild. She bundled up her discarded Christmas cards and sent them to Julie to play with. When the novelty of riffling through the colorful cards wore off, Grandma, with shrewd timing, sent a little box with a cluster of red cellophane bells inside. They were Christmas decorations that had served faithfully for several years and now were retired to honorable old age as the beloved playthings of a little girl. Julie happily stuffed the small bells into the faithful coffee pot, played ball hilariously with the next size, and clapped the biggest one on her head for a hat.

Up until this age, Mother had been slightly handicapped in not being able to communicate with her grandchild except during infrequent visits. Even so, Julie connected the name "Grandma" with the bright Christmas cards

and the person who came to visit in the summer, wearing a pretty pink straw hat, and who popped the pink creation (at retirement age, anyway) on a tiny blond head as a parting remembrance. Now that the little girl had achieved a certain intelligence, Grandma went into full operation. She had always written to me twice a week, and now she took the extra few moments to add a line to be read to Julie, or to slip a small stick of gum into the envelope.

Julie, in turn, learned her own responsibilities in this matter. As soon as she could hold a pencil correctly, she began scrawling XXX's at the bottom of my letters, in thanks for gum or simply in affectionate reply to Grandma. As Julie grew a little older, her grandmother began hoarding every pretty greeting card that came into the house, and from these she cut out the inside message, leaving a leaflet with beautiful flowers or perhaps an enchanting kitten on the front, and a blank page for a miniature letter inside. Grandma had decided to do something about the common belief among little ones, that the postman only brings interesting things to grownups. Every little while she wrote a few lines on one of her note-cards and put it in an envelope addressed to Julie alone. Now a delighted little girl had real mail of her own from someone who was called Grandma and who quite obviously understood all the little longings that even mothers sometimes didn't know about.

The rapport had gradually strengthened more and more. Julie would come into the kitchen wearing the flower-trimmed pink straw, and the Visiting Lady would perch on a stool for a chat. The hat became the bit of magic that transformed a restless, tired little girl into Teacher, Lady-up-the-Street, or even Grandma herself.

When it was my own birthday, a package would arrive from Grandma and under my gift would be a small treasure for Julie—a discarded handbag to complete the Visiting Lady's costume, a length of rainbow-hued maribou that Grandma had found at a church rummage sale. Once there was

the greatest treasure of all, the box camera that had served Julie's grandparents faithfully for nearly thirty years and was being replaced by a new model.

Mother could have been a good grandparent the easy way, by sending conventional birthday presents to Julie or buying a book of bedtime stories for an unexpected remembrance. But that would, in a way, have been buying dutiful affection. Instead, she won Julie's love with her own imaginative heart. Because, at first thought, it might have seemed ridiculous to send an ancient camera through the mails to a four-year-old, the grandparent who considered 400 miles a hopeless distance would have sadly mailed a cutout book and consigned the camera to the rubbish bin. But I could just imagine my mother's real joy in coming across such a delightful treasure to share with her granddaughter.

Needless to say, Julie was enchanted when the camera was put into her hands and she realized it was her very own. For days she energetically "snapped" all her little friends; and when the novelty of that wore off, she became expert at loading the inside of the camera with new film—the film actually being white paper rolled on the little reels.

Across those many miles, Mother has managed to be the perfect grandparent. She has resisted the natural impulse to spoil her granddaughter; she has helped teach a little child that fun can be found in the simplest of things. She has even managed to baby-sit, through the hours of absorbed pleasure Julie found in Grandma's ideas, while her father and I were able to go about our own work. She has contributed to the little girl's religious education by saving the Sunday service leaflets from church and slipping them into envelopes. Julie has made a collection of the beautiful religious pictures on the front of the leaflets, and I have been able to teach her the simpler Bible texts inside.

With determination and a little effort, Grandmother turned the liability of great distance into the asset of a deep and intimate bond.



# Guest Books

## Have a Value

by Adelaide Blanton

Guest books have a value in a home, and they sometimes become very precious. They are also interesting and entertaining.

No book or gift could have been appreciated more than the lovely guest book that I received from a friend after she and her family had visited us. It had raised letters on the outside cover spelling the word "Guests." The blank lined pages inside were especially prepared for names, addresses, dates, and remarks.

This book came as a surprise to me shortly after we built our home in the country. The first page was christened with the name and address of the sender with remarks written out, "A lovely place to visit."

All through the years since then the guest book has had a place on a small end table in our living

As your guests leave, have them write down their comments in the guest book.

—photo by erb



room. Today its pages are well-filled with the names and addresses of friends from many parts of the country. It is pleasant to look back over the names of friends, and it is interesting to read the remarks that touch one's heartstrings.

I have picked the book up several days after a guest has visited me, and have read such remarks as this: "I liked the homemade ice cream," and "I'll always remember your fireplace," and "I loved your hospitality."

One little girl, who is now a young lady, wrote two small words as remarks—"soft beds," and I recalled the night that she spent with us when there weren't enough beds to go around. I had taken the overstuffed cushions from the living room chairs and the davenport and placed them together. Then I spread a down comfort over them and thus contrived her bed. Her parents slept on the bed with the innerspring mattress, but she liked her bed better. She recorded in the guest book her appreciation and pleasure by putting in parentheses (soft beds).

A small boy of five saw his parents and others writing in the book. After they had finished, he slipped the book from the table, spread it out on the floor, and lay down on his stomach and began to print his name in sprawling, irregular letters. His mother was exasperated and started to reprimand him, but I quickly caught her by the arm and whispered to her, "Let him alone. That's what that guest book is for." He could only print his name J A C K ; so he made x x 's for the address and drew a picture for his remarks. I prize that printed name as much as I do another little fellow's remarks of "good chicken."

During the war soldiers came. They wrote their names and ranks and left remarks like, "It seems so much like home." Groups of young people often gather in our home and play games and sing and leave the words with me, "I enjoyed the music," and "There's nothing so sweet as the good old hymns."

Preachers and their wives usually quote a scripture or write "May God always bless your home."

College classmates of my daughter often came on week-end visits. I'll never forget the homesick little girl from Charleston, S. C., who wrote, "I'm not homesick now." Another said, "I'll never forget," and others bragged on the good food.

A young medical student spent one week with us

(Continued on page 30)



by Loie Brandom



# SPOOK

Halloween, like almost all other festival days, has a religious origin. Practically all of the modern customs of Halloween, its ghosts and goblins, pranks and games, the telling of fortunes and rattling of chains, the lighting of bonfires, the ducking for apples, and all similar contests have come down to us through the ages. So on this day of Halloween we like to gather friends, family, and neighbors into a jolly group to relive the legends as they have been told to us.

To start the evening off in the right spooky spirit, the guests are met at the door by a ghost who gives each one a cold, clammy handshake, leaving a tiny bit of ice in the hand of each.

From the front door on, the guests are confronted in the darkened hallway with unexpected and startling contacts with spooky manifestations. A piece of damp fur brushes across their faces; dry branches cover the floor, crackling and crumbling like bones when tread upon. Agonized voices moan through lengths of rubber hose, and toy balloons explode with startling effect when stepped upon in the dark. Under conditions of this kind a vacuum sweeper started suddenly sounds quite different from the day-time sounds you remember, and bells rung under water have a most melancholy tone. In the dimness even a sudden gust of air from a concealed electric fan makes one wonder what will happen next.

Lead your guests into the main room through a doorway where

balls of fluffy feathers are suspended to tickle their faces.

When the guests enter the main room, they find it weirdly decorated in black and white crepe paper streamers. Black cats with phosphorescent eyes stare menacingly through the dimness of the ghostly lighting, while goblins and white-robed spooks of various heights and sizes occupy the corners, sometimes rattling chains in a tin pan, and groaning horribly. The only light comes from flickering candles in the lanterns made of old tin cans and buckets painted black, and perforated with nail holes to make grinning, fantastic faces or cats' heads.

A witch with her broomstick acts as leader of the games, one of which is started as soon as the first arrivals appear. The latecomers join in the hilarity as they arrive.

Having previously removed the rug from the floor and on the bare boards having drawn with white chalk, figures suggestive of Halloween such as bats, cats, jack-o'-lanterns, witches, and ghosts, you have everything ready for the first game.

**Halloween Hazards.** Partners are secured in the following manner: The men form a circle, and inside this the girls form another circle. To soft, weird music from a record player, the men march around their circle in one direction, while the girls march in the opposite direction. When the music stops suddenly, the two circles cease marching and face each





# SPECIALTIES

other. The man and girl directly opposite each other become partners for the game.

The partners link arms; and when the music is again heard, all the couples start marching around the room over the artwork of Halloween subjects pictured on the floor. Every time the music stops, after only a few bars, the marching couples also stop in their tracks. The object of the game is to stay away from the Halloween pictures; for if any couple is discovered standing on, or even slightly touching one of the hazards, that couple must drop out of the game. The marching continues in this manner until only one couple is left. Big spook lollipops are the rewards that these two winners will get.

A sitting down game will be enjoyed next. Ask for a volunteer and pin on his back the name of some well-known public figure. Turn the volunteer around slowly so that each one in the room may read the name. He must then try to find out whom he represents by asking each guest one question which can be answered by "yes," or "no," such as, "Am I a movie star?" "Am I a political figure?" "Am I living?" and so on until he either guesses correctly, or runs out of questions to ask.

**What Spooks Like.** The players sit in a circle. The leader turns to the one on his left and says, "Spooks like vanilla ice cream." The one spoken to turns to the one next on his left and says, "Spooks like soda crackers," or whatever

food he can think of that he wants to mention. If he says soda crackers, the leader nods his head, yes, and the play continues around the circle. If, however, he says fried ham, the leader would say, "No, spooks do not like fried ham," and he would have to leave the circle and stop playing. The catch is that only things that are white in color can be named, and the players who discover this fact stay in the game, and those who do not must drop out. Individual awards of black chocolate cats are given to those seeing the catch in time to stay in the game.

**The Spooky Pie Contest.** Line the men up on one side of the room, the girls on the other, partners being directly opposite each other. The girls are given flat plates on which are small, individual pumpkin pies and spoons. At the signal GO the girls race across the room and begin feeding the pies to their partners. The couple that finishes the pie first is pronounced winner. There is, however, one condition to be imposed. The man finishing first must have his mouth so nearly empty after the last bite that he can whistle for the judge. The plates are lightly buttered before the pies are put on, making it much more difficult for the girls to cut them with their spoons into bites.

Halloween games and fortune-telling stunts occupy the rest of the evening, and doughnuts (frosted half white and half black) with mugs of sweet cider make good refreshments for a party of this kind.



Roten



# Worship in the family with children

## TO USE WITH YOUNGER CHILDREN

### A Favorite Storybook

It was a hot day in September. When Mother said, "Allan, it is time for your nap," Allan said, "Oh, Mother, it is so hot! Do I have to go to bed today?"

Mother thought a moment. Then she said, "I'll spread a quilt on the living room floor. You may lie down there."

"I'd like that," Allan said.

So it was arranged. But Allan couldn't lie still. He was so hot and uncomfortable that Mother said, "I'll lie down beside you. I'll read to you."

Allan ran to get his favorite storybooks. When he came back, Mother had her Bible. But she read all the books Allan had brought. Then she said, "I have a favorite storybook, too."

"What is it?" Allan asked.

"Here it is," Mother said.

Allan laughed. "That isn't a storybook," he said. "That's the Bible!"

"Yes," Mother agreed, "but my favorite stories are in it. I'll read one to you."

Mother opened her Bible and began to read.

"In those days a decree went out from Caesar Augustus that all the world should be enrolled."

Allan wasn't sure just what the words meant, but he liked the way they sounded. He liked the way Mother looked when she read. He liked her soft voice.

Mother read on.

"For to you is born this day in the city of David a Savior, who is Christ the Lord."

"Mother," Allan interrupted, "I know that story! It's about Christmas, isn't it?"

"Yes," Mother said, "there are many other stories in the Bible. They tell about God and Jesus. They help me know how to live. That is why the Bible is my favorite storybook."

### A Bible Poem

Oh, how I love thy law!

It is my meditation all the day.  
Thy commandment makes me  
wiser than my enemies,  
for it is ever with me.

I have more understanding than  
all my teachers,  
for thy testimonies are my medi-  
tation.

I understand more than the aged  
for I keep thy precepts.

I hold back my feet from every  
evil way,  
in order to keep thy word.

I do not turn aside from thy or-  
dinances,  
for thou hast taught me.

How sweet are thy words to my  
taste,  
sweeter than honey to my  
mouth!

Through thy precepts I get un-  
derstanding;  
therefore I hate every false way.

—Psalm 119:97-104.

—RNS



### Theme for October:

## The Bible Is a Storybook

### A Word to Parents

The materials on this page and on the next two pages are for your use in moments of worship with your children. If you have a family worship service daily in your home, some of the materials here may be used at that time. If you use *The Secret Place*, you may find that some of them fit into the meditations in that booklet.



# TO USE WITH OLDER CHILDREN

## Stories to Remember

On this page are pictures of stories that you have heard at Sunday church school. How many of them can you tell?

After you have told a story, look at the picture of it again. What part of the story does the picture tell?

There are many other stories in the Bible that you probably know. Make a list of them. Now try to tell one. If you do not remember it well, ask your parents to help you to find it in the Bible. Read it. Why do you like it? How does it make you feel?



—Woodward



—Coleman

If you would like to read these stories in the Bible, this is where they can be found:

Exodus 2:3-4  
2 Samuel 2:18-19  
Matthew 6:26-30  
Mark 1:32-34  
Luke 2:41-47  
Luke 10:30-35



—Woodward



—Coleman



—Holberg



—Coleman



# FOR FAMILY WORSHIP

## Call to Worship:

All scripture is inspired by God and profitable for teaching, for reproof, for correction, and for training in righteousness, that the man of God may be complete, equipped for every good work.

—2 Timothy 3:16-17

**Song:** Choose one of the following: "For the Bible We Thank You," primary pupil's book for year one, winter quarter, page 22; "Tell Me the Stories of Jesus," primary pupil's book, year one, summer quarter, page 33; "Book of Grace and Book of Glory," junior pupil's book, year three, fall, page 7.

**Meditation:** Plan your own meditation around the call to worship, around a favorite passage of scripture, or use "The Bible Is a Book of Rules for Living," primary pupil's book for year three, spring quarter, page 41.

**Poem:** Choose from the following: "For Stories Fine and True," primary pupil's book, year two, winter quarter, page 31; "The Bible Is a Treasure Book," primary pupil's book, year three, spring, page 33; or from the junior pupil's book for year two, fall quarter: "Book of Books," page 7; "The Bible," page 30.

**Prayer:** Use the litany printed on this page.

## The Bible Is a Storybook (A Litany)

For the Bible, a Book with stories about God's love for people—  
*We give thanks.*

For the Bible, a Book with stories about people's love for God—  
*We give thanks.*

For the Bible, a Book with stories to help everyone, everywhere, live the happy way that Jesus lived—  
*We give thanks.*

For the Bible, a Book of treasured stories—  
*We give thanks.*

—Mazelle Wildes Thomas

## The Size of God

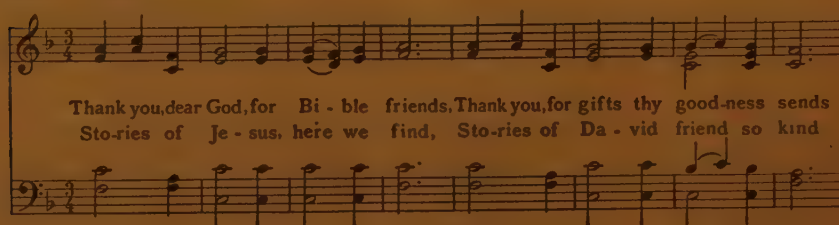
I think that God is very large  
He has so much to do.  
And yet I know he's by my side;  
He must be little, too.

I only know that God is God,  
He must be large and small.  
He's small enough for only one  
And large enough for all.

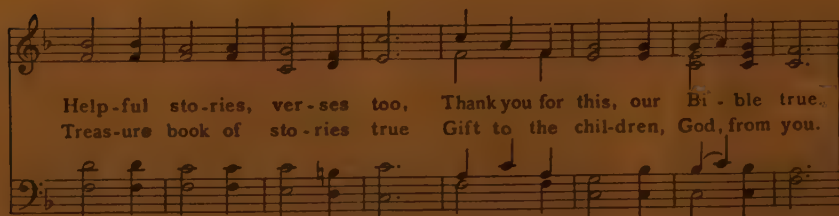
—Florence Pedigo Jansson

Nan F. Heflin

W. B. Bradbury



Thank you, dear God, for Bi - ble friends. Thank you, for gifts thy good-ness sends  
Sto-ries of Je - sus, here we find, Sto-ries of Da - vid friend so kind



Help - ful sto-ries, ver - ses too, Thank you for this, our Bi - ble true.  
Treas - ure book of sto-ries true Gift to the chil-dren, God, from you.



# Miss Quill and the Black Cat



by Shirli Strehlow

SCRATCH! SCRATCH! MEOW!

"Mercy sakes!" cried Miss Quill. "What was that?" The sound came from the back door. She opened it a crack and peeped out.

"Lackaday!" she trembled. "A black cat! And on the morning of Friday the thirteenth, too!" Holding tight to her Very Special Lucky Silver Dollar she said timidly, "Shoo, cat! Shoo! Please go away."

Miss Quill had lived alone all her life, and she was afraid of everything. She was afraid of walking under ladders. She was afraid of breaking mirrors. She was afraid of spilling salt. She was especially afraid of Friday the thirteenth and black cats. To meet such a cat on such a day was the worst possible luck, she thought. Once more she said, "Shoo!"

But the little black cat liked the spicy, clean smell of Miss Quill's kitchen. He liked the warm feel of the sunshine on her back porch. He would not be shooed away.

All morning the black cat sat just outside Miss Quill's door. And all morning Miss Quill kept dropping things. And breaking things. And losing things.

When she went out to weed her garden, the cat trotted along, right at her heels. And *twice* she nearly pulled out her best pansy plants instead of weeds! Now Miss Quill was really upset. "Go away, you unlucky cat!" she shouted. "Go away at once, I say!" Then she reached into her apron pocket to rub her Very Special Lucky Silver Dollar. But where the dollar had been she found only a hole! The Very Special Lucky Silver Dollar was gone! And though Miss Quill rushed about, hunting everywhere, she could not find it again!

At last she turned to the little black cat still trotting at her heels. "Now, see what you've done!" she scolded. "You made me lose my lucky silver dollar. You bring nothing but bad luck. Won't you please, *please* go away?" But the black cat would not go. Instead he walked right in front of her path. *Twice!*

That day Miss Quill did not eat much lunch.

(Continued on page 30)

# A Home for Rollie



by Enola Chamberlin

Rollie did bark too much. And Grandma was pretty sick. Jimmy knew these things, but they didn't make it easier for him to have to give his dog away.

"We will take him to a dog kennel," Daddy said. "They will keep him until Grandma gets well. Then you can have him back."

"No," Jimmy said. "Rollie loves to race over the farm. He loves to swim in the river. He has fun chasing rabbits. I have trained him to watch Baby Sue. He is happy when he is with her. He enjoys sleeping near my bed. If we shut him up in a pen without Baby Sue and me to love him, he will be unhappy. Let's give him away to some little boy with a baby sister."

Daddy put his hand on Jimmy's shoulder. "You're a brave, good boy, Jimmy," he said. "I'll put an ad in the paper for a home with a boy for Rollie."

"Remember the baby sister," Jimmy said.

When Daddy had gone, Jimmy went out and sat on the back porch. Rollie wiggled his fat little body against him. He nuzzled Jimmy with his nose. Jimmy hugged him hard. Baby Sue toddled out and sat down beside them. "Dog, dog," she crowed happily. Rollie tried to cuddle up in her lap. She pulled his ears until he whined. But he only cuddled closer. "Jimmy," Mother called, "Grandma wants to see you." Jimmy got up slowly. He loved Grandma, but he wasn't quite sure that he wanted to see her just then. He tiptoed into her room. She put out her hand and drew him to the bedside.

"I heard you and Daddy talking about Rollie," she said. "I'm sorry, but he does bark so much and I can't sleep. I'll get you another dog when I get well."

"If you can get well quicker with Rollie gone, it will be all right," Jimmy said. Somehow he felt better about letting Rollie go. Grandma must get well.

He went up to his room to make his bed and put things in order. Since Mother had to care for Grandma, he did everything that he could to help.

(Continued on page 28)



# What's the

It was such a long time ago, and the children were still small. The woman sitting beside us at the church luncheon looked quizzically at the five snapshots which we had proudly shown her.

"What a lovely family," she said pleasantly. "But I don't know when I've seen five such different looking children. Usually, there are some children in the family that look alike, but not in yours. Are they really as different as they look?"

"I'll say they are," we quickly chorused. "Some days we feel pulled in five different directions. They're as different as night and day. They don't like to do the same things. They don't look alike. It's a struggle for them to get along together. There are quick, violent tempers and slow, smoldering ones. Two of the boys have asthma, and their emotional problems really are something! They don't want to listen to the same stories, or the same TV program, or the same records on the well-worn vic. There is only one moment of sameness in our whole day, and that's mealtime. One menu is put onto the table, and they know that that's it!"

Several years have elapsed since that day when we discussed the differences in our four lively sons and their baby sister. Now, as we sit near our typewriter, with the babble of the ball game coming from the TV in the den, rock and roll blaring from the kitchen radio, and the strains of the "Hallelujah Chorus" rising from the record player in the living room, we murmur prayerfully, "Thank goodness we're raising a family of rugged individualists!"

We had planned for our family. We read all the leading books on how to make a happy home. It sounded so natural and simple. We had given ourselves time to integrate our own differences before son number one was born. The two years between each of the additions was planned to give us adequate time to fit each new arrival into the family routine. Nevertheless, much to our surprise, with each of these growing individuals came different problems stemming from their needs. It wasn't easy to cope with their differences.

Like too many parents, we made the mistake of deciding that our family should conform to a particular pattern of behavior, social actions, interests, religious beliefs, and temperaments. Somehow we

seemed to forget that these children had been born of two very different personalities who had had to learn how to use their differences in creating a happy home. Each offspring was endowed with varying proportions of our combined personalities, talents, and physical attributes. More than this, however, each one was *himself*.

Out of the flowering of a wholesome marriage, from parents who have a mature approach to life, come children who are allowed to grow within their own capacities. Each will make his contribution to the whole, and the whole will be more complete because of the individuals who make it up.

The tactical maneuvers necessary to wage "the battle of the ages," found us shedding tears of frustration as we fought to combine the impish five-year-old's vivid imagination and the noisy outbursts of the teasing 10-year-old with the rebellious demands for more freedom by the groping teen-ager. With nervous fatigue haunting us day after day as we tried to bring order out of chaos, we were ready to wave the white flag of submission. Our plan just would not work. The grave decision to scrap the well-planned pattern for our family was a wise one. It was then that we began to see that our job was to help shape five distinct personalities instead of trying to force all of them into the same mold. With this realization came an awareness of the richness that there can be in a family of individuals.

The growth of the individual starts with the first loud wail of the newborn baby. If this child were a part of the animal world, he would soon be pushed out on his own, forced to follow the pack for survival. But he is a person—not an animal—and God has endowed him with a living soul. He will be dependent on his surroundings for a long time. Those environs will determine in great part how he will grow and mature.

Even when children are small, parents must learn how to mold each of these lives into its own pattern. It takes patience and understanding, a firm measure of discipline and love, to accomplish it. For it is the cohesive quality of love that holds together the various personalities within a home.

This can only come about when each member of the family learns that all contribute to the well-being of the family unit, from great grandfather down to



# Difference?

the youngest. It takes a good measure of experience, affection, understanding, gaiety, humor, energy, and enthusiasm to accomplish this.

My husband and I discovered early that as each of our children developed, it became vitally important that we find some moment every day when we could be alone with each of them. That is not easy to do in a busy household, with five children. But it was amazing to us how we could discover these moments if we just looked for them. There's the time to rock the baby and cuddle him. The story hour comes when the three-year-old, clutching his favorite Golden Book, crawls up onto Daddy's knee. There's the short after-supper walk with a grade school son when together you discover the curious silences of evening. The moments don't have to be planned; they will make themselves if you want them enough to look for them. Each child, in his own way, at his own pace, will discover the tie that binds him closely to Mom and Dad—that moment

when their love encircles him and he is important to them as an individual.

What about discipline, talents, and emotions. They are all individual traits, but they are each entwined in the other. Take discipline. For the lack of it, homes are shattered, lives ruined, talents wasted, intelligence unused. This all happens because the individual has not learned how to discipline an unusual gift or to control a natural emotion. The child or the adult who continues to "get away" with things is heading for disaster. Yet, too often, parents with little personal discipline neglect it in their children because they fail to see how it helps to create an atmosphere of mutual respect or strengthen personal capabilities.

Children instinctively want discipline, even though they may rebel against it. Constructive limitations give security to both the child and the adult. If the child grows up from babyhood knowing that parents mean what they say, he will be happy in

Children in the same family, growing up in the same environment, are none the less individuals with distinct personalities and "minds of their own." Squabbles among brothers and sisters are to be expected, if not appreciated.

—Photo by erb





that security and learn how to discipline his own life. If, however, discipline means fiery tempers and changing decisions, he will flounder in his own insecurity as he drifts into a troublesome, undisciplined maturity.

There is the rare talent, the overactive mind, superabundant energy, and likewise, the retarded child, the habitual case of inertia and stubborn willfulness. Each contains an individual emotion which must be cured by patience and helpful discipline. It is the only way in which the individual will learn how to handle living within his own capacities. Discipline is *not* punishment; it is the application of wise controls with all of the natural goodness and potential capacities of the individual to overcome the disruptive and antagonistic forces. A corrective discipline helps the individual to become adept in selecting the right study habits, work habits, emotional, and mental attitudes.

We can remember how corrective discipline helped

a young boy in one of our parishes overcome a physical defect. He was only 15 the day he blurted out belligerently: "Look at me! Look at this awful scar!" Just a year before he had fallen against a barbed wire fence which had left a jagged, six-inch rip in a blond, attractive face.

"What chance will I have now?" he screamed. "I'll never get that Annapolis appointment I've always wanted. What girl will look at me? Who will hire me?"

Looking at the heartbreak in his eyes, we both knew that it would not be the scar that would keep him from succeeding. It would be his attitude toward it. We talked, that day, about what he could do to overcome the physical blow which had knocked him down. It would be his personality which would make him attractive—not his face. As we watched him grow over the years; saw him take those agonizing steps as he struggled to overcome all that had happened, we knew that he had

## for "WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?"

# Study Guide

### I. Purpose

To help parents and young people understand the value of individual differences and why they exist. To help them appreciate persons who are different and realize that everyone, no matter how different he is, is important.

### II. Preparation for the Meeting

1. It will be good to keep in mind that this meeting is not just for parents. It should include young married couples without children and older relatives who, from necessity, must live with younger families. Remember, too, that the purpose of this study is to help diverse personalities recognize the value in individual differences.

2. Obtain as many books as possible on personality development. Encourage people to read as much as they can on the subject before attending this

session (see bibliography). Display books on the night of the meeting. Books on the growth of children, their problems, and their individual characteristics could be borrowed from a school professional library. It would be a good idea to have someone present who can give advice on the handling of specific physical handicaps.

3. You might include a film portraying specific family problems (see film bibliography). If you use visual aids, be sure that the subject matter is introduced before the film is shown and follow it with a healthy discussion of the problem.

4. If children come with their parents, plans should be made to care for them. Primaries and juniors might be introduced to the subject of individual differences by showing a filmstrip of the "Character Building Series" (see

film bibliography). The discussion could be brought around to what truthfulness means to one child over against its meaning to another. Encourage them to talk about their differences in play habits, eating habits, sports, studies, etc. Let them discover that people are different and that it is the differences which make them interesting.

5. If teen-agers and young adults are in attendance, the meeting might be built around a family relations court. Different problems could be brought in to be "tried" before a judge and jury. For example, the frustrated mother who can't understand her children; the father who doesn't have time for his family; the grandmother who interferes in the parents' disciplining of children; the teen-age boy who has musical talent but won't practice because the boys call him a sissy; the girl who wants to cut off her braids because all the other girls have short hair; a little boy who has had polio and whose brace keeps him from being one of the gang. If you do this, put plenty of time and thought into your characters.

6. You might have those present write out questions that arise within their homes because of differences and present them to a well-informed panel for discussion.

7. Be familiar with Bible passages that point up the importance of differences in people and the glory that comes from wholesome family life, and from the doing of that which is right for us no matter how different it may be from that which our friends do, e.g.:

1. The story of the first family—Adam and Eve.
2. The story of Cain and Abel.
3. The story of Joseph.
4. The story of Ruth.

(Continued from page 28)

learned. One day we saw him graduate from Annapolis, one of the top ten in his class.

In every home there are differences—physical, mental, and spiritual. But the wise parents will teach their children to discipline themselves so that that which is good and right within their own personalities will shine through all the defects.

How in a growing family can all the differences be wisely nurtured with helpful guidance? In our family this has been accomplished in a weekly family council meeting following Sunday dinner. Since our oldest boy was seven, this has been the time when we can talk about our special happinesses, or reveal personal accomplishments. We can even complain about unfairness in our home and voice our opinions on matters. There is no hour in the week that shows up distinct personalities like this one. There is a quick-tempered daughter, a thoughtful son, a tease, an impatient parent.

In these moments of family discussion, each per-

son around our table is etched into his colorful self like a fragment of precious stone. Over the years the composite gem which is our family is lending a brilliance to our family circle that we know will glow forever. For it is in family discussion that we are learning to share each other's thoughts and motives. In that sharing we are discovering the love that binds all different personalities together over the years.

The family council takes its place with all those family traditions that make an everlasting impression on young lives. It joins with birthday celebrations, special family Christmas traditions, happy vacation memories, and "first" trips to the museum, the beach, the ball game, or the concert. These moments will be tucked away in memory's corner, rich assets for tomorrow's living. Like old pewter, they may grow dull with the passing of time; but, as they unite all generations within our family circle, they will become precious heirlooms.

# BIBLEGRAM

by *Hilda E. Allen*

Guess the words defined below and write them over their numbered dashes. Then transfer each letter to the correspondingly numbered square in the pattern. The colored squares indicate word endings.

Reading from left to right, you will find that the filled pattern contains a selected quotation from the Bible.

A The stalk that Jack climbed. -----	101 118 21 114
B Fretful, complaining cry -----	15 105 113 51 49
C Thin soup -----	30 107 42 115 75
D Struck out, in baseball -----	45 39 122 22 64 3
E Moby Dick was one -----	104 32 50 26 121
F The three wise men rode one. -----	37 25 85 66 34 5
G A cat, or a girl's name -----	27 41 11 24 102
H He was called "The Baptist" -----	92 44 53 111
I Kind of dollar a fifty cent piece is -----	117 103 108 46
J Bird that builds a hanging nest -----	80 48 91 54 13 8
K Papa -----	23 119 112 29 9
L Person who writes poems -----	67 116 84 43
M How a coward feels -----	93 60 55 1 47 35
N Where Queen Elizabeth lives -----	90 19 87 73 79 97

O Two of a kind -----	100 70 110 63
P Direction of the sunset -----	95 72 56 82
Q In a short time -----	10 33 59 20
R To cut a piece of wood with a jackknife -----	78 38 62 6 77 14 28
S Capital of Cuba -----	83 4 120 68 17 86
T Piece of writing paper -----	58 94 16 89 74
U To dry up -----	109 12 18 7 96 40
V It grows in an orchard -----	61 69 99 106 98
W To protect or guard someone -----	52 31 81 76 2 88
X Direction of the sunrise -----	57 36 65 71

(Solution on page 30)

	1	2	3		4	5		6	7	8	9
	10	11	12	13	14		15	16	17	18	19
20		21	22	23		24	25	26	27	28	29
30	31	32	33	34	35		36		37	38	39
40	41	42	43		44	45		46	47	48	49
50	51	52		53	54	55	56	57	58		59
60	61	62	63	64		65	66	67	68	69	70
71	72		73	74	75	76		77	78	79	
80		81	82	83	84	85		86	87	88	
89	90	91	92		93	94	95	96	97	98	99
100	101	102		103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110
111	112		113	114	115	116		117	118	119	120
121	122		123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131
132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143





# *The Pen Is Mightier than the Sword*

by Beatrice J. Latimer

The practice of writing interesting, informative letters should begin in childhood.

Christian education in the home has many aspects, and one important consideration is the hobbies of children. If parents would encourage, guide, and direct these hobbies, stimulating interest in ones that are worth while, a lifetime of creative recreation and enjoyment for a child would be begun.

Personal letter writing is an absorbing hobby, one that requires no expensive outlay. It teaches self-expression, thoughtfulness, and consideration of others, as well as giving untold pleasure to both writer and reader. This is a hobby to be shared, a hobby that can brighten many lives.

One must learn to write letters, and learning comes through practice, practice that should begin in childhood. Unfortunately, because of an ever-crowded curriculum, schools can do little more than teach the basic "Hello, Mary How are you. . . ?" type of letter. For this reason parents should take the initiative and to the best of their ability give instruction in the fundamentals of good letter writing together with constructive criticism. At maturity a child may not have reached great heights of expression, for he cannot go beyond the limits of his thinking capacity. If parents have laid the groundwork well, however, the grown child will be able to turn out a well-worded, interesting letter, an accomplishment, indeed.

There will be the occasional child, perhaps yours, who over the years will become skilled in writing letters, who will write with assurance and ability. You, the parents, will have put in his hands an enviable tool. His letters may even have far-reaching effects—may wield a great influence. If yours is a Christian home, such letters can do naught but good.

As soon as a child can print,

have him start writing short, simple letters, remembering that at this stage care must be taken that he not tire or lose interest. The knowledge that his letters may be answered will help to keep him interested.

First, discuss what should go into the letter, keeping in mind the child's wishes. Then, print a simple letter to be copied. Address the envelope, but allow the

—Photo by erb

Letter writing need not be a disagreeable chore for the child. Parents can help their children to find pleasure in writing cheery, informative messages to friends and relatives.



child to seal, stamp, and post it. The whole process from printing to posting should be learned as one correlated project. (Keep postage stamps on hand so that letters can be posted as soon as they're written.)

Parents can easily find letter models in dictionaries, school textbooks, and library books. They should insist on correct form in the very first letters.

The important thing in a letter is the content. Teach the child to write about things that will interest the reader, to avoid when possible, the weather, unpleasant happenings, and asking too many questions. Essentials are simplicity, brevity, cheerfulness, and humor. The child should be free to develop his own style. The

parents' main objective will be to direct thinking, to help the child select what is best and suitable, to teach him "to look in thy heart and write."

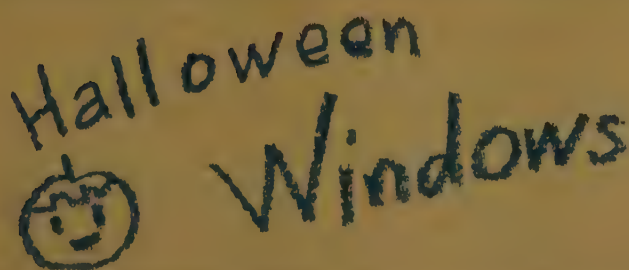
There is no end to the variety of letters classed as personal; the so-called friendly letter, the thank you note, the get-well wishes, the holiday greetings, the lines to the shut-in. There are countless friends and relatives, young and old, to whom children love to write. Any one of them will no doubt be delighted to receive a child's letters, even the first efforts, stilted and naive, laboriously printed.

Perhaps a day will come when your child will not be under the parental roof. Then, you, too, may reap the fruits of a hobby well-taught. Family ties remain strong

when distances are bridged by numerous letters.

In the beginning parents will have to supervise this hobby constantly. As a child progresses from printing to writing, from pencil to pen, from simple pads to better-quality notepaper, perhaps decorative, from childish notes to interesting, informative letters, less and less supervision will be required. Eventually, the child will take over completely.

Little else than your time is needed to see that letter writing becomes a part of your child's training. It is in your power to make it, not a tiresome, difficult chore for the child, but a wonderful means of expression, a delightful medium through which to reach out to others.



by Evelyn Witter

The obnoxious practice of smearing windows on Halloween grew to "must" proportions among the small fry of our community. When we forbade our children to engage in this, they looked at us with woe-filled expressions which clearly asked: "Why do we have to be different? Why can't we do what other children of our age do? Doing what others do is very important to us."

Because we didn't want them to feel "different" and left out of the fun, we tried to find an acceptable substitute. As Bill, my husband, and I were talking it over we remarked that if a good

cleanser like Bon Ami were used, the windows would be easy to clean, and the children could still have their fun.

That's how our Halloween windows idea was born. We had a party for the neighborhood children and told them to go ahead and smear our windows with the damp rag and cleanser that we furnished.

When the windows were covered with the white Bon Ami paste, we asked the children to draw a Halloween scene with their fingers. A prize was awarded for the picture voted by the group to be

the best one.

Our costumed guests enjoyed the window activity. They smeared to their hearts' content. Then they found it was fun to draw on the dried material because it came off so easily wherever their fingers moved.

After the best drawing prize was awarded, there was prize for the first one who got his window cleaned off.

As a result the children had fun, none of the neighbors had problem windows to scrape, and I never had cleaner windows than I had that Halloween night!



## ● Study Guide

(Continued from page 24)

5. Peter learns to appreciate those who are different. Acts 10:9-28.

6. Psalms 1, 24, 27, 34.

You will discover others for yourself if you look through your Bible.

### III. For Parents and Teachers

*The Psychology of Adolescence*, by John E. Horrocks, Houghton Mifflin Co., 1951.

*The Recovery of Family Life*, by Elton and Pauline Trueblood, Harper and Brothers, 1953.

*The Child from Five to Ten*, by Arnold Gesell and Frances Ilg, Harper and Brothers, 1946.

*Understanding the Child*, by Alfred Schmeidling, Concordia Publishing House, 1945.

*Living with Others*, by L. B. Goodrich, American Book Company, 1939.

*Developmental Tasks and Education*, by Robert J. Havighurst, Longmans, Green and Co., second edition, 1953.

*Understanding the Young Child*, by Dr. William E. Blatz, William Morrow and Company, 1944.

*Human Relations in the Classroom*, by H. Edmund Bullis, Course II The Delaware State Society for Mental Hygiene

1404 Franklin St., Wilmington, Del. Printed by Hambleton Co., Inc., 1950.

*Not Alone*, by Joseph B. Sizoo, D.D., Macmillan Company, 1941.

### IV. For Young People

*Better Ways of Growing Up*, by Crawford and Woodward, Muhlenberg Press, 1948. (This is excellent for young people and parents.)

*Becoming a Person*, by Louise Griffiths (unit 2), Westminster Press, Philadelphia, 1942.

### V. Audio-Visuals

"As the Twig Is Bent"

This Is the Life series

B&W (30 min.), Concordia Publishing House. Rental, \$9.

"Getting Along with Your Parents" 38 frames B&W Guide Church Screen Productions Sale, \$3.

"Learning to Understand Children Series"

16mm sound B&W Guide (21 min.)

McGraw Hill, 1947

Rental, \$5.

*For Younger Children*

Moody "Character Building Series"

Color 5-2, 3, 6, 7 Filmstrips with manual.

Original drawings skillfully tell the various stories, each with a moral lesson on truthfulness, character, unselfishness, etc.

## ● A Home for Rollie

(Continued from page 21)

He finished a story that he had started before he went downstairs.

"Where's Sue?" Mother asked when he came into the kitchen.

"I left her on the porch when you called me to see Grandma, Jimmy said.

"Oh," Mother said. "I thought she was with you all this time." She dashed for the door. Jimmy ran after her.

"Sue, Sue," Mother called.

Jimmy whistled Rollie's special whistle. Sue did not answer. Rollie did not come running.

"You go to the field around the right side of the barn," Mother said. "I'll go around the left side."

"Rollie's with her, Mother," Jimmy said. "Call him and listen for him to bark."

Jimmy ran around the barn. Every little bit he whistled for Rollie. Then he stopped and listened for a bark. He raced across the field, making for the line of trees that marked the river. Mother was running toward the river, too. Jimmy stopped for breath to whistle. "Rollie, Rollie, Rollie," he called.

Above the wild hammering of his heart he heard a faint, muffled bark. It came from the river. Drawing in deep breaths, Jimmy raced toward the sound.

Mother heard the bark, too. She was heading for the same spot that he was. They burst through the trees and brush on the river's edge together.

There, where the water just lapped the sand, sat Sue. She was spitting the water and gurgling happily Beside her stood Rollie. His teeth were locked in her dress. His front feet were braced. He was holding her, trying to draw her back.

Mother grabbed Sue up into her arms. Rollie let go his hold of her dress. He ran and rolled and barked. He acted as if he were wild with happiness. Jimmy caught him and hugged him hard.

When the happy four got back to the house Grandma was calling. Mother went in to her. Jimmy sat on the porch. He had one arm around Sue, one around Rollie.

"Jimmy," Mother called, "Grandma wants to see you." Jimmy brought Sue in and locked the door. Then he went to Grandma. She took his hand.

"We can't give Rollie away now, Jimmy," she said. "He has found his home right here. Don't you have some rubber plugs that you put in your ears when you swim and dive?" Jimmy nodded. "I'll put them in my ears at night," Grandma went on. "I don't know why I didn't think of it before."

"Thank you, Grandma," Jimmy said. Then he ran out in the yard where Grandma couldn't hear and yelled for joy.

## ● Moaning Bones

(Continued from page 9)

"What's this low cement wall here under the kitchen?" came his muffled voice from the dark.

"Oh, that's an old dried-up well. I haven't used it for years," Miss Laura answered him.

A few minutes later he called again. "Here's your spook—an old hound dog. He fell into the well. I can see him with my flashlight."

They handed the policeman some ropes, and soon the animal was pulled out. He was thin, scrawny, and dirty. He was weak from hunger and from crying. All of him sagged.

"What'll we do with the poor mutt?" asked one of the policemen.

"Why, call the dogcatcher, of course," Miss Laura snapped. "It's plain to see that he has no home."

"Here, pooch." One of the policemen handed the dog a package of crackers which he had in the patrol car.

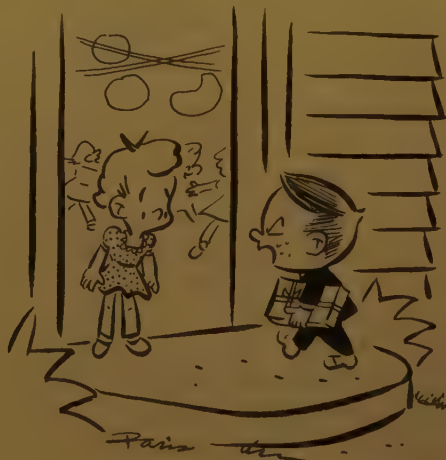
The other policeman went slowly into the house with Miss Laura to telephone the dogcatcher. While Miss Laura waited for him to call, she noticed the cold toast lying on the table. It reminded her that her stomach was pinched with hunger.

"That old dog is probably half-starved," she thought.

She took the toast and went out into the yard again.

(Continued on page 30)

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"I'm warning you! If you start any kissing games, I'm leaving."



# Family Counselor

**Q** I HAVE a twelve-year-old son who lately has become so unmanageable. He says "no" to every task I ask him, and I've cried many a time because he talks so rough and embarrasses me. I never knew a mother could be so humiliated as I've been because he is so domineering. Hoping to see a solution to a way to change him into a boy that respects his mother, my problem is, "How can I make my son respect me?"

**A** ALTHOUGH IT may be of small comfort to you, you may get some consolation out of the knowledge that eleven- or twelve-year-olds frequently go through a period in which they are difficult to get along with in the home. This is the time when they are beginning to "spread their wings," when they want to feel independent and grown up, and when they feel somewhat confused by their inner feelings as well as by the increasing complexity of the world about them.

Because of their desire for independence, they are likely to resist home responsibilities, especially if they feel they are imposed upon them by the parents. They may become exceedingly critical of parents, especially of the mother, and at times may be quite rude to her. They tend to argue readily and insist on having their own way.

You should not necessarily feel, therefore, that your son has no respect for you. There is no denying the fact that these days will

be somewhat trying for you, but it should help to realize that as he gets older, much of the crudity of his present behavior will disappear—or at least be toned down. In the meantime, the following suggestions may help you make the best of a difficult situation:

1. Try to avoid situations that you feel certain will bring about a clash of wills.

2. Talk over with him the various things that need to be done about the home and let him decide what his responsibilities will be. Figure out some impersonal way of reminding him of them, such as a blackboard on which the responsibilities of the day are listed.

3. Find out how he is getting along at school in his studies and whether or not he is having difficulties with those of his own age. If he is not "making the team," or is not accepted by a group that

he admires, he is having emotional difficulties that will reflect themselves in his behavior at home. Be patient, therefore, with some of his domineering ways and rough talk. If you don't know what to do in certain situations, it may be best to do nothing.

4. Although you will want to be patient and understanding and overlook much of his behavior, remember that there is a limit to what you should take from him. There are times when you should be firm, letting him know that such behavior will not be countenanced and that, if it is continued, certain privileges will have to be withdrawn. He may grumble because of your firmness, but underneath he will appreciate and respect it. It gives him a sense of security to know that you will not let him get away with that which might get him into serious difficulty.

*Donald M. Maynard*

*MY-OPIA*

If we wives are allergic  
(And most of us are)  
To hearing our husbands  
Refer to "my" car,

Perhaps we should realize  
Our husbands are riled  
By constantly hearing  
Their wives say "my" child!

—Ina S. Stovall



## ● Make Friends with Your Parents

(Continued from page 8)

or common activities you and your father and mother will find it easier to exchange opinions and dreams, and talk about differences understandingly.

Mutually shared experiences in the church can help you make friends with your parents. In its program your church includes numerous things of interest to persons of all ages. There are many activities in which you can join your parents. This common experience will strengthen your friendship. Family discussions of youth meetings and activities will "bring your parents up to date." As they hear your ideas on vital Christian problems, they will understand you more fully. Some young people have taken the initiative in planning family worship, using their summer conference experiences to guide them. Others have invited school friends into their home for a family party with their parents. Young people of the church have opportunities to know and respect their parents because together they share the same religious faith. The word *fellowship*, which your youth group has taken into its name, emphasizes a relationship that all Christian people potentially have to each other. There is a *oneness* because of the common belief in Jesus Christ. This *oneness* means that a deeper friendship is possible between members of a Christian family—between you and your parents.

## ● Miss Quill and the Black Cat

(Continued from page 21)

She was too worried. Terrible things might happen to her now that she had lost her only protection, her lucky coin.

SCRATCH! SCRATCH! MEOW! The little black cat was at her door again, and this time he was begging to come in! Miss Quill snatched up her broom angrily. "I'll chase that unlucky cat once and for all!" she declared.

But when she opened the door, she found it had begun to rain quite hard. And there sat the little cat soaking wet and shivering with cold. When he saw Miss Quill, he cried, "Meow!" once more in a small, pleading voice.

Miss Quill put down her broom. "Oh well, come in then and dry off," she said. "Even if you are unlucky, I can't leave you out in this awful storm."

All afternoon, while rain splattered against the window panes, Miss Quill sat beside her cheery fireplace rocking and knitting. The little black cat was curled at her feet purring softly. It was all so cosy and pleasant that Miss Quill was actually sorry when she saw the sun come out again. Slowly, she stood up and opened the door. "Shoo, kitty," she said a trifle sadly. But it was best to send him away before she grew too fond of him, she thought.

Black cats were too unlucky to keep as pets.

Then, right before her very eyes, the little black cat ran out into her prize pansy garden and started digging! "Shoo, cat, shoo!" she cried, running after him and flapping her apron wildly.

The cat did not run away. And when Miss Quill saw what he had dug up, she stopped scolding. Lying among the velvety pansies was a shiny coin. It was her Very Special Lucky Silver Dollar!

"Why, bless your heart!" said Miss Quill happily. "You found my silver dollar!" Then she stopped short. The unlucky little black cat had brought her good luck! This was very confusing.

Miss Quill thought hard for two minutes. Then, right out loud she said, "Cat, I don't think your black coat has anything at all to do with luck! What's more," she added, taking a deep breath, "I don't think broken mirrors, spilled salt, Friday the thirteenth, or anything else can bring bad luck, either!"

For a moment she almost expected the sky to fall in on her, but nothing happened. Nothing, except that she discovered a very good feeling inside of her. It was a feeling of not being afraid of things anymore. It was a wonderful feeling!

Miss Quill was so happy that right then and there she invited the little black cat to live with her. Rubbing against her legs, he purred his thanks.

This called for a celebration! Miss Quill took the silver dollar which used to be Very Special and Lucky, and she spent every bit of it. She bought a jar of cream and a pound of salmon for her cat. She bought two cream puffs and a quart of chocolate milk for herself.

And that same night Miss Quill and her little black cat had a wonderful party.

## ● Impromptu Mother

(Continued from page 6)

face made her a little dizzy. Stretching a hand to the nearest pew for support, she managed to reach the front of the church, and then Pastor Jim was speaking the familiar words. "Dearly beloved, we are gathered together in the sight of God and this company to unite this man and woman in holy wedlock."

The ceremony continued, but Miss Minna wasn't listening. She was feeling Betsy's young arms around her again and basking in the look of love that Bill had given her.

Then Pastor Jim was saying, "I now pronounce you man and wife," and suddenly, as though it were a part of the ceremony, the afternoon sun streamed through the stained-glass window and fell like a golden benediction on the heads of the young bride and groom.

Miss Minna felt as though her small body could not possibly contain all of the love and joy that overflowed within her. She closed her eyes in silent prayer. "Father in heaven, thank you. Thank

you for this blessed, beautiful sunshine. And thank you most of all for giving me a family that I can love."

She opened her eyes and heard Pastor Jim say, "These whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder," and she knew with the certainty born of love, that she would never be lonely again.

## ● Guest Books Have a Value

(Continued from page 15)

for a rest from his strenuous studies. He wrote, "Your home as a tonic that no doctor's prescription can match."

A missionary on vacation spent a few days with us and expressed her gratefulness with this permanent record in the guest book—"May God reward and bless you and all who have showed such an interest in missionary work."

All through this book are embedded pleasant memories, but there is one that has a place which is very dear to my heart. It was written by a son-in-law-to-be, who wrote "You're a wonderful mother. I love you even now."

## ● Moaning Bones

(Continued from page 28)

"Here, puppy," she said. Gingerly she handed the toast to him with the very tips of her fingers.

The dog looked at her with thankful eyes and painfully hobbled over to her. He ran out his long red tongue and licked her hand gratefully before gently taking the toast.

The feel of that rough, warm tongue scraping on her hand so affectionately went straight to her heart. Poor thing! He had been alone and terrified last night, too.

She called into the house to the policeman, "Never mind the dogcatcher. I've decided to keep the dog myself."

She noticed her neighbor looking at her curiously.

"Well, all he needs is a bath, food, and love," she said. Then, with a twinkle in her eye, she laughed and exclaimed, "Imagine me with a dog. I'm going to name him Napoleon Bonaparte . . . and for a nickname I'll call him Bones."

## Biblegram Solution

(Biblegram on page 25)

"And as they still went on and talked, behold, a chariot of fire and horses of fire separated the two of them. And Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven." (2 Kings 2:11)

### The Words

A Bean	I Half	Q Soon
B Whine	J Oriole	R Whittle
C Broth	K Daddy	S Havana
D Fanned	L Poet	T Sheet
E Whale	M Afraid	U Withier
F Camels	N London	V Fruit
G Kitty	O Pair	W Defend
H John	P West	X East





# BOOKS

## for the hearthside

### For Adults

The minister's wife seems to be coming into her own as the object of interest to writers. **Mrs. Minister**, by Olive Knox (Westminster, Phila., 1956. 190 pages. \$3), is not just the story of a minister's wife, but is a humorous, human, heartwarming story of her whole family. Papa, torn between the ministry and the farm, finally chooses the former and, after ordination, leaves Canada for the United States. The book covers six years in the parsonage with Mr. and Mrs. Minister as seen and related by one of the children. Things were certainly not dull and uninteresting in this family of six lively youngsters plus a congregation and some fascinating if somewhat tarnished "strays." The author wrote this book "for the sheer fun of recapturing six years of our life in the United States as a minister's family."

\* \* \*

Persons who are always looking for additional recreational resources will find help in these two books. **Encyclopedia of Games**, by Doris Anderson (Zondervan, Grand Rapids, 251 pages plus index, \$2.95), is just what its name suggests, a collection of games of all types, but aimed at the enjoyment of the entire family. **Abingdon Shower Parade**, by Bernice Hogan (Abingdon, Nashville, 1957. 125 pages. \$1.95), will provide some needed help for all who plan to give a shower. Suggestions are given for original invitations, decorations, favors, food, entertainment, and gifts. Both of these books are prepared by persons with much experience in the field of recreation, especially recreation that is wholesome and appropriate for the family.

\* \* \*

A series of twelve small volumes will eventually make up a Layman's Theological Library (Westminster, Phila., 96 pages and \$1 each). The following titles are now (April) ready with others coming soon. **Believing in God**, by Daniel Jenkins, is written to help

persons achieve a satisfying faith. The six chapters pose these questions: Why Is Belief in God So Difficult? Can We Prove That God Exists? How Is God in Jesus Christ? Is the Christian God an Illusion? Does Experience Vindicate Faith in God? and Is the Christian God the God for All Men? **The Significance of the Church**, by Robert McAfee Brown, is an introduction to the nature and meaning of the church, particularly in its Protestant form and biblical aspects. In interchurch relationships he pleads for firmness with charity and urges that the church continue its prophetic task and ongoing reformation.

### For Children

A delightful book for young children is **A Baby for Betsy**, by Anne Guy (Abingdon Press, 32 pp., \$1.25). Betsy's family wanted a baby. When they decided to adopt one, they waited and waited for the right one to be found. When they were called to come to get a baby, there was the problem as to which one to choose, for twin babies—a boy and a girl—were for adoption! How the problem was solved makes a happy ending to this story for children from four to eight years of age.

\* \* \*

Most boys and girls are interested in biography. **Armed with Courage**, by May McNeer and Lynd Ward (Abingdon Press, 1957, 112 pp., \$2.50), contains stories of seven courageous men and women who struggled against poverty, ignorance, illness, and disease. They were crusaders, armed with physical and spiritual courage, and a deep sensitivity to human need. The book includes brief stories of Florence Nightingale, Father Damien, George Washington Carver, Jane Addams, Wilfred Grenfell, Mahatma Gandhi, and Albert Schweitzer.

\* \* \*

A charming, authentic book about the home observances, religious objects, and

stories of great Bible heroes of the Jewish people has recently been published by Behrman House, Incorporated. **A Picture Dictionary of Jewish Life**, by Alvan D. Rubin (1956, unpagged, \$1.95), is a beautiful dictionary for children. Arranged in alphabetical form, the person, object, or custom is shown by a picture and is described briefly. The two-color illustrations by Lili Cassel add immensely to the definitions. Any child interested in knowing and understanding better his Jewish friends and neighbors should have this book.

### For Youth

The experiences of a boy scout among modern Indians is the background for **Prisoner in the Circle**, by E. D. Mygatt (Longmans, Green & Co., Inc., New York, 1956. 209 pages. \$2.75). Young Ken McKeever leaves his home in Washington, D. C., to visit his uncle near Sheridan, Wyoming. He becomes interested in the plight of the Indians on the Cheyenne reservation. Living with them results in a number of thrilling and dangerous experiences that will keep young readers with their noses in this book till finished. Here is a good book for helping young people understand something of the Indian problem from a sympathetic point of view. Art work is by Brummett Echohawk and is quite authentic.

\* \* \*

The American Revolution and the Civil War provide the setting for **Patriot Blood** and **The Gentle Heart**, respectively, by G. L. Wind (Concordia, St. Louis, 1956, 136 pages. \$1 each). These two paper-bound, attractively designed novels offer intensely interesting accounts of the life and times of the two great wars fought on our own grounds. Dave Holden and Deane Perry are the two young heroes, and their exploits in the two wars help to make more vivid and real the historical situation which to many young people remains a little vague and remote.



# Over the back fence

## ● Now We Are Nine!

With this issue *Hearthstone* enters into its ninth full year of publication. If you noticed the volume number on the inside front cover of last January's copy, perhaps you are puzzled somewhat. If that was marked Volume 9, how can this issue be the beginning of the ninth year?

The answer is simple. The first issue of *Hearthstone* appeared in October, 1949. Volume 1 consisted only of the October, November, and December issues of that year. Since we wanted the volume numbers to coincide with the calendar year, Volume 2 began with the January, 1950, issue.

We who are responsible for the production of your Christian family magazine feel that our responsibility is a great privilege. We recognize the importance of our task in trying to help you accomplish your purposes as parents in guiding your families toward Christian ideals. We would be happy to hear from you concerning matters to which you would like to see us give consideration in the years to come.

## ● Shall Liquor Be Served on Airplanes?

There is a growing demand from the public and pilots, as well as from stewardesses, that the practice of serving alcoholic beverages on regularly scheduled air flights be halted. The public protests because it does not like to be forced to ride in an air-borne saloon, and the pilots and stewards and stewardesses object because of safety factors involved.

Bills have been presented in both houses of Congress to abolish the practice, but at the time of this writing nothing had been done about them. In 1956 the House of Representatives voted overwhelm-

ingly to stop the practice; but the Senate let the bill die in committee at adjournment.

Three reasons were advanced by the House Committee that approved passage of a bill to abolish liquor on airlines:

1. The unregulated consumption of liquor by airline passengers is a compromise with safety. There is always the danger that a passenger who has overindulged can interfere with the crew.

2. The serving of liquor to airline passengers places an unnecessary burden on flight crews. The operation of large, modern transport aircraft requires constant and diligent attention on flight crews. Crew members have more important tasks than policing unruly passengers.

3. Drinking on passenger aircraft creates a social problem, in that even though no safety hazard develops, the passenger who overindulges may offend or annoy other passengers. Drinking cannot be confined to club cars, as it is on trains.

It is probable that Congress will do little about this problem unless it gets a clear mandate from the people generally.

## ● Most Arrests in 1956 Involved Alcohol

The FBI *Uniform Crime Reports* for 1956 reveal that 59.47 per cent of all arrests reported to the FBI in that year were alcohol related. This was based on statistics from 2,475 cities with a population of nearly 78 million. These arrests were for drunkenness, disorderly conduct, driving while intoxicated, and liquor law violations.

These figures do not include the indirect influence of the use of alcohol in crimes of violence, such as murder and rape.

Teen-age arrests for drunkenness in 1956 increased nearly 20 per cent over 1955.

In the face of these facts there is little room for smugness, complacency, and apathy on the part of home, church, school, and government.



# Poetry Page

## Individualist

You should be on a witch's broom.  
'Tis Halloween, black kitty cat.  
A night made for the likes of you.  
Now certainly, you must know that.

But ghosts and goblins aren't your fare,  
Grimalkin with a sober face.  
You'd rather curl up on a rug  
Beside a cheery fireplace.

—Sue H. Wollam



—Eva Luoma

## Byroads of Autumn

A country lad is very apt to follow  
A path that leads to walnut trees and such.  
Few other jaunts delight him quite as much  
For wealth awaits beyond some hill or hollow.

Another might seek out a mountain stream  
To fill an angler's boots through fall vacation;  
One fish of size (still ample compensation)  
Would furnish him a splendid dinner theme.

But for myself, my office eyes are yearning  
For wooded hills, before the fall is done;  
Where, as I stroll, the silent touch of sun  
On gold, arrests my steps at every turning.

—Clarice Foster Booth

—David W. Corson from A. Devaney







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